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COMMONWEAL

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The New Cardinals

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of 32 nominations to the College of Cardinals is, of course, the most important Catholic news in many months, if only because of the unprecedented number of nominees. But there are several other aspects of this action by the Holy Father which deserve reflection and analysis. Naturally the first reaction of Americans must be one of pleasure at having four of their fellow citizens raised to the Sacred College. That our own Ordinary, Archbishop Spellman, should be so honored was a foregone conclusion, both because of his own distinction and because of the see of which he is Archbishop. It is perhaps notable that the three other Americans are all from the Middle West—as is only right in view of the importance of that region both in American life and in the life of the American Catholic Church. Archbishop Mooney (proceeding from East to West) has been especially notable in his support of Catholic concern for the labor movement. Of course, almost equally with Archbishop Spellman, he has had intimate experience of Vatican diplomacy, having served in India and having been appointed to serve in Japan as representative of the Holy See. Archbishop Stritch of Chicago has been a figure somewhat less in the public eye, but in general he has followed the best of Cardinal Mundelein's policies, and his Auxiliary, Bishop Sheil, has notably contributed in the realm of social action. Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis might be described as the grand old man of the American Hierarchy, continuing the tradition of personal charm, simplicity and directness so widely associated with such great figures of the past as Archbishops Dowling and Ireland.

But apart from our own feelings of pleasure at the honors bestowed upon fellow citizens, it is impossible to avoid seeing extraordinary implications and innovations in Pius XII's nominations. Obviously the decision to do away with the Italian majority in the Sacred College is of paramount significance. We do not jump to the conclusion that the next Pope will therefore be a non-Italian, but this possibility is now certainly greater than it has been in recent centuries. Equally obvious is the weight given by the Holy See to non-European Catholicism. North and South America now have a total of 14 Cardinals, 7 in the United States and Canada and 7 in Latin America. It is interesting to note that for the first time Brazil has 2 Cardinals and that for the first time English-speaking Canadians have a Cardinal of their own—Archbishop MacGuigan, a man also distinguished for his interest in social problems.

Notable also is the appointment of Bishop Tien, a Chinese. Indeed after the holding of the Consistory on February 18, all of the earth's continents will be represented on the Sacred College. In Europe, the appointments reflect recent historical events. Thus France, where the Catholic democratic movement has so much importance, has the largest number of Cardinals of any country except Italy—6 of them resident in France and 1 in Rome. Particularly gracious is the honor bestowed upon Archbishop Saliège of Toulouse, who so distinguished himself by his conduct after the fall of his country under the might of German arms. The appointments in Germany are remarkable for the fact that all 3 of the new Princes of the Church were outspoken in their anti-nazi sentiments, Bishops von Galen and von Preysing having achieved worldwide recognition for their boldness and courage in this respect. The appointments in Spain are far more routine in nature, Toledo and Tarragona, because of their rivalry as primatial sees, both nearly always being represented on the Sacred College. The appointment in Poland will doubtless be most acceptable to the Polish people since Archbishop Sapieha has the respect of all factions, having lived through two wars and two occupations without compromising himself in any way and yet without having stultified himself either with the Russians or the Germans. Certainly Catholics may congratulate themselves that the Holy See has acted with great wisdom in a new world.

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Three Tenses

WHEN SOMETHING is very painful and complicated to think about it is convenient to have it put away somewhere in the past or held off somewhere remotely in the future, hoping that you may never catch up with it, or that it will have dissolved all by itself or gone off with a bang, like a child's balloon, harmlessly—so that the problem will be only a little pile of twisted rubber on the dirty sidewalk and you will not even notice it when you go by. That is what we have been doing about the atomic bomb. It went off with a bang, but not harmlessly, and a few persons had the courage to say that our having used it against the Japanese was a war crime, while others said that our having used it had saved so many American and Japanese lives that you could hardly count them and that it was a wonderful weapon if we could hold on to it and keep anyone else from dropping it on America and saving an uncountable number of American lives.

That started everyone thinking and talking about the future. We jumped out of the past into the future. Should we share the secret? Having proclaimed the humanitarian nature of the bomb should we take an eminently idealistic—though contradictory—attitude and stand as leaders in an attempt to have it outlawed as an instrument of war in the outlawed wars of the future? This bomb, or rather the memory of the bomb at Hiroshima, is bringing us all together; it has, they say, made poetry, philosophy and ourselves obsolete, and full sovereignty obsolete, but we are so frightened that at least we shall all advance together into the future. Also would it not be wonderful to use atomic energy to make Africa green — no more lean years, no more thirsty camels. And all the cities everywhere heated for nothing, the factories running by themselves, the steamships propelled by a little bottle kept in the Captain's safe.

There is plenty to talk about if you talk about the future and plenty to talk about if you talk about the past and it is all very interesting.

Occasionally it is comic; it makes situations for comedy; in the various capitals of Europe, Africa and Asia, for instance, at American Embassy dinner parties the American Ambassador must appear to the invited natives as some character in a farce when he makes his little speech about how nobody ever should use the bomb because his country has used it for one and all—for once and all—to show how it works. He talks about the past and about the future; we doubt if he talks about the present. About what we are doing in the present.

Very few people talk about the present. But Dr. Irving Langmuir, Nobel Prize winner and General Electric research man, on December 19, in Boston appears to have talked—and even to have talked out of turn—about the present. He said that the United States is spending now $500,000,000 a year on its atomic project, and that the cost of one atomic bomb is $1,000,000. The *Christian Science Monitor,* reporting the speech, does some arithmetic and deduces from these figures that the United States, *now,* in the present, *now,* while all the talking is going on, is producing 500 atomic bombs a year.

If this is so, then there are not just the past and the future; the government of the United States is actively engaged, *now,* in linking the horror of the past to an inevitably horrible future.

Two Hits for Mr. Truman

DISSATISFACTION with President Truman's ineffectual leadership was dissipated somewhat this week by two forthright actions. First, in the General Motors case, he insisted that a corporation's ability to pay constituted an essential factor in determining the justice of a union's wage demands. He held that fact-finding boards should therefore be permitted to examine a company's books whenever necessary. That is another way of saying that corporation activity is a matter of public concern (although corporation books are protected from the scrutiny of all but the public's specially designated representatives). The President's action in this matter required considerable courage, conflicting as it did with powerful business interests.

In the matter of his veto of the bill "reducing certain appropriations and contract authorizations available for the year 1946, and for other purposes" Mr. Truman took an even more emphatic stand. His insistence that the United States Employment Service be continued could hardly have been more convincing. He makes one wonder what Congress could have been thinking of in seeking to disband the USES at the very moment when that agency has a peak load of applications for reemployment. The President ultimately favors the return of this operation to the several states, but pointed out that Congress had designated the worst possible moment for this change.

At this year's end Congress is in recess. It has consistently ignored the President's numerous legislative requests. Mr. Truman for his part has advocated one constructive action after another only to have the Congress fail to carry the thing through. What is it that the President lacks? What prevents the realization of his essentially sound legislative program? There are his widely-reported desire to be conciliatory, his consistent effort to leave with Congress the initiative for legislation, his unwillingness to exert sufficient personal or political pressure. In any case Con-

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gress has not responded. Mr. Truman has now acted forthrightly on two nationally important specific matters; it is up to the individual citizen to strengthen the President's hand. If it becomes clear that such actions are tremendously popular, Congress will have to take note. Let us all urge the President to take a firmer hand.

How to Help the Auto Workers

ANY OF our readers who might wish to translate their sympathy for the auto workers on strike against General Motors into active help—which is urgently needed, since the strike funds of this relatively young union are by no means generous—may readily do so by sending either food or money contributions to any one of the union's local regional offices. The full name of the union is "United Auto, Aircraft and Agricultural Implement Workers of America UAW CIO," and regional offices are listed in telephone directories under this full name. If no local office is listed, or if it is more convenient, contributions may be sent to the union's principal office at 411 West Milwaukee, Detroit 2, Michigan.

In His Name

ON CHRISTMAS EVE an appeal was published in twenty American newspapers which we call to the attention of our readers. Signed by Archbishop Spellman, Monsignor Carroll and Monsignor O'Boyle of NCWC, Reverend John LaFarge, S.J., and two score other prominent American Catholics and Protestants, it called for immediate aid for all needy European children in the name of Christ our Savior. It calls upon American families to sacrifice one meal a week for children who are threatened with starvation. More about this "Share and Save" movement will appear in THE COMMONWEAL next week. In the meantime interested readers are urged to get in touch with Josiah P. Marvel, 241 Lexington Avenue, New York, 17, N. Y.

A Steamer Letter

THE SHIP, the sea, the sky are all of the same color: dark gray. My thoughts too are gray! I have been thinking of you as never before. Perhaps this sounds a little strange, almost embarrassing, but I want you to know. Three years ago, I stood alone by a window, in Baltimore. There was nothing but desolation in my heart then, as I looked at the bare trees standing, stark and black against the steel blue sky; it was a sky such as I had never seen in Europe: somehow it seemed farther away from the earth. At that moment, a voice inside me spoke very quietly and said: "The day will come when you will go back to France." I knew it was true even though it seemed unbelievable at the time, and I tried to imagine that day, the scurrying about for passports and tickets and reservations, the packing, the farewell parties, everything a little frantic with a great effort on my part not to appear too happy. But of course I did not know you then.

I am not forgetting that we had met before, but you weren't very often in my mind. Even when we talked and I looked at you, I realize that I talked and looked in an absent sort of way, I mean that there was always a part of me that wandered off. Shall I go on? Years went by and you were there, you were always there. At times, I found it gratifying to go to my room and close my door in order to be alone, but you had a way of being with me just the same. We lived together, in the same place, under the same roof. Circumstances had brought that about. I became accustomed to your presence. We were, after all, of the same blood. There were things, secret things, secret ways of feeling which we had in common, they were almost like family secrets and when I looked at you, I was often reminded of my mother. Nevertheless I contemplated leaving you with perfect equanimity! I had to go and I wanted to go.

So the day came when I was told that I could leave, and exactly as I had foreseen, there was much rushing about in Washington for passports and tickets, much sitting on trunks that wouldn't close, and, to be sure, a farewell party. The picture was complete, in a way. I, only, realized that something was wrong, I had had an inkling of it some weeks before, so suddenly that it startled me; then back and back it came with tireless pertinacity. I awoke at night and stayed awake thinking of you, remembering things you had said.

A few days ago I boarded this ship. There was a drizzle over New York, then a mist. All around me French voices made a sort of hum, the hum I had not heard for years, and it moved me. The clear, quick speech spoke of many things I loved and hoped to find again, but I talked to no one; I gave the harbor a hasty glance and was shown to my cabin where I crept into my bunk. After a while the voices grew to a higher pitch of excitement, I could hear them distinctly together with the patter of feet over my head: "Venez vite! On part, venez voir!" I didn't move however, I know exactly what New York looks like with its lights gleaming through the evening mist. I did not realize, three years ago, that things would happen quite this way. I lay quite still. There was a throb like that of a big heart, and with my face to the wall I listened to it as we pulled out of the harbor, and something in me measured the growing distance between us, and I thought of you, America.

JULIAN GREEN.

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Self-Help for Puerto Rico

What is needed in that distressed island

Edna Lonigan

OUR GREATEST GIFT to Puerto Rico has been in medicine. In the American Army forces that landed on the Island in 1898 was a young Army doctor, Bailey Kelly Ashford, who stands for the best of the American spirit. On his first march northward, Dr. Ashford had noted the "pale man of the mountains." When the short war was over, he asked permission to study them. He quickly learned that their languor was due to anemia, caused by the absorption of their blood by an intestinal worm, the "hookworm," and that their plight was curable.

With the simplest facilities, Dr. Ashford and his Puerto Rican colleagues, under Dr. Juan Guiteras, started clinics up in the hills, which treated 400,000 people with "incurable" anemia, and cured most of them. The disease, when not fatal, had reduced the efficiency of the Puerto Rican *jibaro* by about 50 percent. This brilliant demonstration of idealism and practical sense led directly to the founding of the School of Tropical Medicine in Puerto Rico, which has made contributions of great value to the world. What irony that the starving Puerto Rican *jibaro* should have helped cure people all over the world of diseases due to diet deficiencies!

The improved sanitary conditions that followed the American occupation led to a quick rise in the population, as the fearful mortality rates went down. The difficulty underlying all the problems of Puerto Rico is the fact that the Islanders never developed the ability to raise the productivity in farming and trade as fast as their population increased.

The development of employment within nations follows a clear-cut pattern. Men begin with subsistence farming because they must. As roads improve, they begin exchanging local products with those who have different goods, and so get more for their labor than they can get by more intensive labor on the land. After long experience in exchange, progressive nations begin to stimulate a larger supply of goods for exchange, by steps that we now call "manufacturing." Finally as manufacturing increases, surpluses keep growing, and the nations can invest money in services that are impossible luxuries for poorer peoples.

Education, medicine, hygiene, and dentistry are not necessities. They are surpluses, that can be paid for only by people who are engaged in highly productive work. The services can be widespread only after a nation has mastered farming, trade and industry. The Americans made the mistake of giving to the Puerto Ricans a share in our services, without at the same time giving them a share in the economic arts that had enabled us to support those services.

The best example is in education. We gave the bright young Puerto Ricans a great many chances to become doctors and lawyers. But that was not giving them American opportunities. For every American who had been educated at Harvard or Princeton, from the time those colleges were founded, hundreds of young Americans had been educated on the farms and in the workshops of America, to raise good crops, to know how to market them, to use and tinker with tools and machinery, to change from farming to industrial work and back again, with no lost motion.

Puerto Rican farmers kept on struggling to raise crops with poor seed, to raise an expensive grade of coffee with no marketing program. Electric wires in the streets hung in sinuous curves, while electric poles pointed in almost all directions. Almost no one knew how to run a little shop. There was no merchandising system for efficient collection of the products of the farms, packing them, and moving them swiftly to market.

We gave the young Puerto Ricans a share of our luxurious twentieth century education, without giving them a share in our three centuries of self-help. The Puerto Ricans had been living in a world of subsistence agriculture. Suddenly, with the American occupation, they were called on to bridge the gap of centuries. We invited them to enjoy the airy towers of success but put no foundation under them.

The American sugar companies brought in American engineering. They bought Puerto Rican lands and made them pay handsomely. To the Puerto Ricans this looks like something stolen from them. Actually the companies bought poor quality land, they paid good American dollars for it, thus giving the Islanders more liquid capital than they had ever had before. They brought heavy expenditures for engineering installations,

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to irrigate their sandy lands, and large current payrolls. Most of all, they brought the only means by which Puerto Ricans could learn that from which Americans had slowly built their wealth. They were learning to become skilled workers, machinists, foremen and superintendents. Men whose fathers had been bare-foot laborers coming down from the hills for spasmodic work in the cane fields, were sent to technical schools and mastered the most complex industrial arts.

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No one would assert that the sugar companies were engaged in philanthropy in Puerto Rico. They were engaged in hardheaded business. The important question is: which is better for Puerto Ricans, philanthropy which teaches them to wait for gifts, or hard-headed business which teaches them to leap the industrial gap of centuries?

Land shortage is not the trouble in Puerto Rico. Dr. Julius B. Matz, a member of the Technical Committee which was sent to the Island in 1934 by four Federal departments to study the Tugwell-Chardon Plan, said that there were still thousands of acres that might be used for farming. Even without this evidence, the simplest observation shows that the Islanders are not making the fullest use of their present land. The desperate shortage on the Island is not a shortage of land or capital, but a shortage of the simple productive arts that the English learned in sea-trade and the Americans in the wilderness. Today, as in 1900, the Puerto Ricans must learn to produce more, to move it quickly to market, to exchange it for what they need, and to use the surplus to start small workshops to make more of their own consumption goods. The only barrier is mental. We have not taught them our own admiration for the dull arts of production.

The arrival of American sugar companies made one change in the economy of the Island. Workers who formerly had had their own garden plots, or a share in the produce of the plantations, were now getting cash wages and buying food. But they began to eat food the cost of which was unbearably high. The staple diet of the poorest Puerto Ricans is codfish brought from Labrador, and beans brought from Mexico by way of New York. While Americans are importing Puerto Rican grapefruit and bananas and alligator pears, because of their high vitamin content and rich oils, the poorest Islanders are paying labor and capital charges to bring food over a long ocean voyage, with costly trans-shipments in the harbor of New York.

What is the cause of such a fantastic waste of the small income of the worker? The cause is again that the Puerto Ricans did not see how to move in and take advantage of the increased capital circulating in the Island because of American business. The men who had sold their lands to the sugar companies had capital enough to have moved in and started the little businesses of Puerto Rico, as they were started in New England. Instead they built splendid new houses, or took their daughters to Paris for their débuts.

The rise in cash wages from sugar company operations would have been followed in a British or American community by a rapid movement of local people into the business of collecting local foodstuffs and creating market channels by which they could flow toward the workers. They would have made "profits" to be sure, but what is the advantage of having the profits made by the shipping companies in New York?

There is no implication here that our continental ways are "right" and Island ways are "wrong." It is not so simple as that. A visitor from the continent went into a hair-dressing shop in San Juan to have her hair washed. After much soaping, the attendant tried to rinse it with a teacup of hot water. A hard struggle brought forth four or five cupsful, but the visitor had the sense of having used a whole afternoon's supply. As she was leaving the hair-dresser charmingly expressed the hope of seeing her again, and said, "May I present you with a copy of my book of poems?"

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What is said here is one part of the problem of values. If the Puerto Rican birthrate continues to rise, or the infant death rate to fall, the growing population cannot be supported by an economy of doctors, lawyers, politicians and writers. The bulk of the people must be, as in England and the United States, people who know how to farm, to trade, to do mechanical work.

An unstable economy reeled under four successive blows, the world-wide collapse of sugar after the fall in war prices, two destructive hurricanes and the great depression. For all of them the remedy of the American government was relief—money instead of diagnosis. In every instance it made the difficulty worse.

The coffee growers whose mountain groves had suffered most from the hurricanes used the relief money to cultivate carefully the strips near the roads, where the government inspector could see them, and spent the rest on new houses or new furniture. This was not simple dishonesty. It was much more serious. It was an inability to see that more production in farming would follow more work, and that the use of capital was a way to get still more return from one's work. They did not know "enterprise."

By 1933 thousands of workers who had been needed in the coffee hills had migrated to San Juan, where food was expensive, the housing

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shortage acute and there was no hope of their getting jobs. The coffee hills were still barren, and as the trees which supported the coffee vines were left to die, there was nothing to hold the soil in place. A great brown current could be seen far out in the blue ocean, where the rivers were carrying the Island's top-soil out to sea. Everything indicated an end to the policy of relief, and a shift to production and training in the productive arts.

When Governor Tugwell, then Under Secretary of Agriculture, came down in 1934, he saw the crowding, he saw the sugar companies making money, and he did not see the intricate lines of connection that must be followed for sound diagnosis. He "knew" that sugar company earnings must have been taken from the poor inhabitants.

Muñoz Marin, son of one of the Island's great patriots, was building a new political party. He and Mr. Tugwell worked out the "Chardon Plan," which provided that the Federal government was to give the Puerto Rican government the funds to buy the sugar lands, which were then to be turned over to "cooperatives" of farmers, who were to divide the former sugar company profits.

Nothing was said in the first Chardon Plan about who was to divide the losses. The authors apparently believed that profits followed automatically from the possession of land. Nothing was said about who was to direct the difficult engineering techniques of large-scale sugar production. Nothing was said about the coffee hills.

It would be unjust to assume that the only interest of the authors of the Chardon Plan was political. They probably believed that the Robin Hood method was the only way to help the poor. But they also knew its political potency. When one of the members of the Technical Committee asked the Chardon group why they wanted Federal money, one of them said in a moment of laxity, "How do you think we are going to get into power if we do not get this money?"

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The Technical Committee report severely criticized the omission of a plan for coffee and soil conservation in the Chardon Plan. So a new plan was drafted with a new section, describing the Technical Committee's coffee program. They also adopted another recommendation of the Technical Committee, the proposal that the Federal government form a kind of CCC for the young men of the Island, to teach them skilled farming, simple mechanics and cooperative marketing.

The United States has poured millions into the Chardon Plan. It has bought millions of dollars' worth of sugar lands, and turned them over to politically organized "cooperatives." It has spent millions in wages for military installations. It has put many young Puerto Ricans into the Army, and they are now entitled to dismissal allowances which are large capital sums on the Island. It has always given money, never skills.

High sugar prices and military expenditures will support this artificial structure for a few years. The new sugar cooperatives are dependent on Federal subsidy in good years. They obviously will not weather bad ones. The economy of the Island is no whit better than it was in 1932. In one sense it is worse. Politically the young men are learning how wicked the United States is, how little it gives, compared with all its riches, and how foolish are the men who grub for a living. In this rich field, the organizers of totalitarian movements are cultivating every spot. Anti-American feeling was never so high. The primary problem on the Island is the young men. They now lack the old work habits of their grandfathers and the new ones of the continent.

They are the source of the population crisis, because there is a widespread belief that men are not obligated to stay with their wives. Many of the young men have one family, desert their wives for a younger woman and start another, even a third, family. Where a man who supported his family would have five children, they have fifteen. Where a man and his wife would work together to give each generation a better chance than the one before, the women work alone, and with all their desperate efforts achieve at best mere survival for their children. When the economic storms rise, they cannot even do that. In the end they sit down on the stones of the plaza, draw their babies about them and wait for death from hunger.

Everything the young men of the Island have learned since 1929 has weakened their ability to produce, and their willingness to work for slow productive gains. That is the place to begin. It means a new kind of education, something that goes on all the time, draws in adults as well as children, and is closely tied to work. It is something like what Booker T. Washington did for his people, something like the original proposal of the Technical Committee for a CCC to teach farming and mechanics.

What is needed first is a complete shift from political to economic direction. Congress should declare that, after a very short and fixed period, not a dollar of money from the continent should be spent to maintain governmental income for projects that cannot sustain themselves. This change is essential to shift the balance of power on the Island from those who are organizing political war to those who know how to organize production for peace.

Any Federal money that is spent on the Island should be spent for agricultural and industrial

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training in actual work—not for the leaders but for the rank and file of workers. No program of relief or artificial employment has ever helped the Islanders, and withdrawal of such aids, though harsh, will be healing, like resetting a badly set arm. But government cannot make the real contribution. What the Puerto Ricans need is a few economic Dr. Ashfords, men who will go to the Island and live there, love the people for their lovable qualities and teach them what we learned from the frontier. The Puerto Ricans are able, devoted and passionately eager. They will do everything they can. So far we have shown them only the wrong road.

Other models of what could be done are the self-help communities for miners started by Monsignor Ligutti in Iowa and the magnificent self-education of a people led by Father Tompkins and Father Coady in Antigonish. The new projects must be local and personal. They should have no "overhead" and no "planners." They should plant seeds and let others reap.

Dr. Ashford tells in his autobiography of the only skirmish fought by his regiment with the retreating Spaniards. The peasants unperturbed worked on in the fields. One man, a Negro, was wounded. Carried to the Army medical station, his last words were: "I never thought to have had the honor of dying under the American flag."

It is still possible to redeem that hope. The Puerto Ricans wanted to be loyal to us. It is necessary only to give them of our best, not our money but our hard-won productive arts. It is not quite too late. And all Latin America, all Russian-organized Europe and all Asia, are watching.

Farm Depression?

ROSS L. HOLMAN

ARE we going to have a financial crisis in this postwar period like the one that followed the other world war? No one of course can answer, but one of the most important factors that brought on the previous economic disaster will be absent this time. That is the farm debt situation, which kept our rural sections in economic slavery for many years between the two wars. With the buying power of one-fourth our total population wiped out, something had to happen to our general economic situation.

During the first world war and the year 1919 the total farm mortgage debt increased to three times the level that existed before the war. This time history has reversed itself. In spite of much land speculation and rising crop prices the total farm debt has actually declined to less than half the prewar peak. The decline in our farm mortgage load really set in a few years before Pearl Harbor. But it has kept on declining. Even after the war started, with increasing land and crop prices, higher production profits and many other factors which normally encourage a rising debt situation, this decline has been increasingly rapid. Evidently the lesson of the other postwar period is well remembered.

Before the first world war the total farm mortgage debt in this country was $3,200,000,000. By 1920 it was $8,448,772,000, and later reached a peak of $10,700,000,000. During that conflict, as in the current one, crop prices skyrocketed. In order to take greater advantage of this easy money farmers contracted more debt to buy more land. The situation encouraged many inexperienced city men to buy farms at exorbitant prices. All of which started a spiral of land inflation and new loans to acquire more land. Naturally the gold rush couldn't last forever. Crop prices collapsed and everything declined in value except the mortgage.

The collapse left a total mortgage debt in 1920 nearly three times the prewar total. It increased 2¼ billion dollars more after the crash mainly because of income falling below outgo.

That, in brief, was the "Farm Problem" that loomed so large in newspaper headlines in the period between 1920 and 1939. It was one of the main contributing factors to the national depression of the 30's, which engulfed all business activities—both agricultural and non-agricultural.

Farm revenue is the most widely distributed income in existence. Unlike industrial income which affects certain favored localities, farming goes on in every nook, corner and crossroads of the United States. The buying power of nearly a fourth of our population is directly dependent upon it. The earning ability of another big fraction of our country is indirectly affected by it, such as business and profesional men in rural towns where the only thing that brings in outside wealth is the agricultural products shipped out. Anyone trying to do business in some rural town in the one-crop section of the South when the cotton market has collapsed will get an idea what this means.

Compare that situation with the present one and the events leading up to it. Along toward the mid-thirties the farmers began slowly reducing their mortgage load. Starting with a peak of $10,700,000,000 the encumbrance has been scaled down to the present total of $5.25 billion, lacking only about $2 billion of dropping back to the happy low of $3,207,863 that existed before World War I when land values securing mortgages were far less than now. All of this melting down is continuing despite the fact that total farm income reached $19,924,000,000 in 1943, eclipsing by more than $2,000,000,000 the previous peak of $17,710,000,000 reached in

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1919. It increased to $21,045,000,000 in 1944, and the estimate for 1945 is that it will top $21,000,000,000 again.

This does not mean that farmers are not buying more land and acquiring new mortgages. It does not mean that land values are not advancing. Both are happening at a terrific rate, as they did before. In fact, the sales of farms in 1943 broke the 1919 record, while land values advanced the same year about 15 percent. But, in spite of these seemingly inflationary conditions more farmers are paying their debts than buying land. A report of the Farm Credit Administration for 1944 showed that payments on principal in 1943 exceeded new mortgage loans by more than four to one.

Encouraging as this is, it is not the brightest side of the picture. At the end of 1944 farmers owned $3,910,000,000 worth of war bonds and they bought more than a billion and a half of them that very year. The total bank deposits of the same farmers reached the unprecedented peak of $11,700,000,000 in 1944, according to a report of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. This represented an increase of two billion dollars over the year before. Thus farmers as a whole could pay out of their checking accounts their entire mortgage debt of $5,250,000,000 plus their non-mortgage debt of $1,588,000,000 and have nearly five billion dollars left on deposit for continued operation on a debt-free scale. Of course, there are many individual farmers who are still saddled with more debt than they could easily pay. But it does provide an over-all picture of farm solvency.

Those who fear another post-war financial disaster can take renewed courage from the fact that one leading cause of the other debacle does not exist in the present situation. Farm buying power currently has a punch. It also represents revenue that has a distribution over our entire country and affects a bigger percentage of our population than any other occupational group. It reaches into every community, every business interest.

Of course, there are other factors besides agriculture that could plague our national economy. Industrial prices and living costs could get out of control. Speculation in stocks and commodities could produce another boom and bust calamity. It is not even too late for crop and land speculation to have another fling.

But even though living costs have risen and some commodity prices have soared, prices are still considerably below the peak reached after the other war. This is especially true of farm products, even though that has not kept total farm income from running a few billion above the peak of 1919. Taking everything together the situation is rather promising.

Communications

THE ULTIMATE WEAPON

San Francisco, Cal.

TO the Editors: It is good to find that THE COMMONWEAL has explicitly stated (November 23) the absolute necessity for an international government. I wish you would speak about that matter every week. What other social questions of our day even approaches its magnitude? Yet the nation's continued mental torpor on the question of international organization is very discouraging. It is hard to believe that after two wars we should predicate our hopes for peace on the same pattern of treaties, confusion, compromises and ambitions that have always led to war.

I admired your "direct-action" method applied to the European food situation. I wish you could devise some "direct-action" methods to arouse in our statesmen some of the imagination and vision the scientists have—or perhaps the problem is to demonstrate to the people the need to elect men who will dare to take a bold step for peace.

In view of the necessity for a world police force in the next few years, before the antagonists choose sides, before the bombs are made, before irreconcilable gulfs are formed—in view of this it seems utterly inadequate merely to *talk* about cutting the knot and stand by idly while the statesmen try to untie it. I wish there were some rallying point, some bond for action established for those who strongly believe we must cut the knot of our dilemma by world government.

What will come of what the Dublin conferees have pronounced, what the *New Yorker* so deftly preaches, what Einstein has said? The course has been plotted, but who will take the wheel? Unfortunately it appears that the action required is beyond the vision of the men who control the political parties; and they are not likely to be replaced by men of greater scope. This is the time for men outside the circles of professional politics to take action.

A NAVAL LIEUTENANT.

FROM THE NORTHWEST

TO the Editors: At the suggestion of many persons active in the local labor movement, I take this opportunity to mention how greatly we need and appreciate THE COMMONWEAL'S "liberal" (Brooklyn *Tablet* connotation, as clarified by John Cogley) flavor here in this diocese where our diocese organ follows the same native (and otherwise) fascist line as *Our Sunday Visitor*. Particular mention should be made of the article in your November 23 edition, "Socialism and Socialism," by George H. Dunne, S.J.

Locally, the latest weekly slap to the efforts of northwest Catholics with a social consciousness to bring the teachings of the Church on the social question (it being absolutely impossible to "do" anything, so consequently we are limited to the purely academic) to the attention of our progressive and predominantly Scandinavian working people is a front page article in the *Northwest Progress*

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in which its author, writing about the recent illness of His Excellency Bishop Shaughnessy, gives unstinted praise to Mayor Hague and certain aspects of his Jersey City administration, concluding with what seems to me to come dangerously close to an implied, if not direct, endorsement of some form of fascism. I quote: "This is the city government that, every now and then in some of our national magazines, is the object of much adverse criticism. They call it Fascist. The reason seems to be that Jersey keeps Red Fascism on the New York side of the Hudson."

It seems almost unbelievable that any Catholic, clerical, or lay, after witnessing so recently the Church's life in Europe, would tie himself in with any form of fascism no matter what its accidental color. Further—this is the real crux of the matter—much less would he ally himself with "friendly fascists." NORTHWESTERNER.

SOCIALISM and SOCIALISM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I fully share the enthusiasm of Mr. Fleischman and Father Cullinane over Father George Dunne's enlightening article on socialism. It was unquestionably one of the best things that THE COMMONWEAL has published in recent years—better even than the same author's earlier piece on segregation. Father Dunne will forgive me, however, if I suggest that the former article is open to a certain amount of misinterpretation and that, as a matter of fact, it seems to have been misinterpreted already by Mr. Fleischman and, to a lesser extent, by Father Cullinane.

As Catholics we needed very badly to be reminded by Father Dunne that our position is probably closer to Norman Thomas's than it is to the NAM's, and that there is a very real distinction between the "doctrine" of socialism and its economic program. But by the same token and in the same breath we need to be reminded that there is an almost equally important distinction between the over-all economic philosophy of even the best of the socialists and the economic philosophy of *"Quadragesimo Anno."* In other words, it isn't enough to point out to timid and uninformed Catholics that many of the specific planks of the socialist program are thoroughly ethical and thoroughly in accord with the letter and the spirit of the social encylicals. They are that, to be sure.

But that doesn't take us to the heart of the problem. The heart of the problem is this, that the central teaching of *"Quadragesimo Anno,"* if effectively implemented, will give us in time an economic system which will differ almost as radically from the system proposed by socialism as it will from the anarchic system which we have in the United States today. The central teaching of *Quadragesimo Anno"* is a vigorous appeal for a fundamental reconstruction of economic life, this reconstruction to be effected in the interest of the general welfare, not by a dmocratic governmental bureaucracy, but by the joint cooperation from the ground up of the functional economic groups in society. The government would generously assist in this enterprise, but it would not dominate or stifle the free activity of the intermediate groups.

I think it is not unfair to the socialists to emphasize that Pius XI does not seem to share their complacency about the presumed benevolence and the presumed wisdom of a highly centralized socialist government. Admittedly, *"Quadragesimo Anno"* is in favor, in the short run and for the remedying of specific evils, of more rather than of less governmental intervention in economic life. Admittedly, too, the encyclical leaves ample room for the social ownership of those types of property which, for one good reason or another, cannot safely be left in the hands of private individuals or groups of individuals.

But the fact remains that the long-term program of *"Quadragesimo Anno,"* grounded as it is on a clear understanding of the social nature of man and of the function of the State, emphasizes a factor which the socialists seldom even allude to—namely, the importance of and the intermediate function to be performed by the organized occupational or functional groups in economic society. Father Dunne has defended only one part of the socialist program, its teaching with regard to the ownership of property. While I personally would not agree that the encyclicals favor quite as much social ownership of property as Father Dunne seems to imply, I pass over that point to emphasize again that, regardless of the validity of specific details of the socialist program, its over-all philosophy of the State is at variance with the letter and the spirit of the so-called occupational group system of *"Quadragesimo Anno."*

I'm frank to say, of course, that, if I were a Canadian, I would join with Father Cullinane in supporting the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, just as I would support the British Labor Party if I were in England. But I would not support either of these parties as a full-fledged exemplar of the Papal plan. Both of them are obviously better than their Conservative or Communist counterparts. Both of them are the hope of the labor movements in their respective countries. But isn't it significant that the ultimate widespread success of either party would logically render trade unions obsolete—except perhaps as political action groups to insure the periodic reelection of the socialist or labor party. Trade unions have a perfect right and, if you will, a duty to engage in political action. But their primary function in the Papal scheme is to serve as an active and integral part of the occupational group system, upon which, rather than upon the State as such, will devolve the major responsibility for the reconstruction of economic life.

I agree, in conclusion, that Catholics and socialists must work together harmoniously and sympathetically for greater economic justice. But, if it is important for conservative Catholics to understand that a certain amount of social ownership and social control is ethical and even necessary, it is equally important for socialists to understand that the essence of Catholic social teaching is somewhat different from the essence of socialist teaching. Conservative Catholics and socialists alike have something to learn from a closer study of *"Quadragesimo Anno"*—not merely about the ownership of property, but about the nature of man and the function of government.

The Reverend GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

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New York, N. Y.

IN the December 14 issue of THE COMMONWEAL there appeared a letter, reprinted in the December 17 issue of *The Call,* from Mr. Harry Fleischman, National Secretary of the Socialist Party of the U.S.A., in which Mr. Fleischman, after commenting on Father George Dunne's article, "Socialism and Socialism," in the November 23 issue of THE COMMONEAL, concludes as follows: "In the United States the Socialist Party is ready and eager to work with Catholics and men and women of all races and religions in the building of a better world. We welcome your help."

Catholics can and, I hope, will cooperate fully with Mr. Fleischman or with any other man or group of men, irrespective of political tags, who believes in and accepts the following basic principles:

1. The right of each human being or person to regulate and live his life according to his vocation and to the dictates of his conscience without any interference or dictation from the State; complete freedom for all in all matters that do not involve the violation of the rights and do not militate against the physical and spiritual welfare of others; equality of rights for all human beings and provision of equal opportunity for all.

2. The right of every human being to acquire justly and own private property or, if he so desires, to own property and live communally; the extension of private ownership so that all who so desire may, where possible, become owners or part owners of their means of livelihood.

3. The right of each person to work freely for his livelihood without paying tribute to anyone for the exercise of a natural right; the right of each person, or groups of persons, to become members of and organize cooperative groups, unions and societies for their benefit and welfare.

4. Breaking up of the large farms and ranches, and distribution of them to landless people who wish to become farmer-owners; retention by the present holders of an equitable amount of land, and just compensation for improved or developed lands taken from them and given to others; establishment of the principle that no person has a right to more land than is necessary for his needs.

5. Abolition of private ownership of mines and other natural resources other than farmlands; establishment of *popular* ownership of these natural resources.

6. Recognition of private enterprise (individual and cooperative) for the development or preparation for use of natural resources; recognition and encouragement of the exercise and reward of individual initiative, ingenuity and inventiveness justly exercised.

7. Governmental supervision, checks and controls exercised by law on private enterprises (individual and cooperative), on unions, economic guilds and societies; Government control of private enterprises but no Government ownership of the means of production; Government operation of transport and public services as an agent or trustee of the people where private enterprise is not practical, or where it fails to benefit the common good.

8. A just living wage and a just price for all commodities; legalized maximum working hours; decent working conditions; good housing subsidized or aided by State or Federal grants or loans.

9. Share in the ownership and in the profits for all workers engaged in industry; the encouragement of cooperatively owned factories, and of farmers' and other producers' cooperatives.

10. Eventual representation of the people in their legislative assemblies not according to meaningless divisions imposed upon them by self-seeking groups, but according to economic classifications, occupations, professions and trades.

11. A Government of the people which will permit and encourage people to do things for themselves cooperatively, which will act as an umpire and insure a square deal for everyone, which will at all times protect the rights of the individual while at the same time being always mindful of the common good for all the citizens.

If Mr. Fleischman and the party which he represents, or any other party for that matter, put forth or agree to a program incorporating the above, I am sure that they will get the cooperation of Catholics for the building of a better world. It is, however, up to lay people to take these principles and formulate them as a program. They are principles that the Catholic Church will, I think, agree to for they are based on its teachings and, specifically, on the Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI.

Cooperation is the solution of the ills of the world, cooperation in the domestic and in the international scene. I think Catholics should be the first to take steps to put it into practice, for it is merely an outgrowth of the Christian charity which is the basis of their religion.

The Reverend CLARENCE DUFFY.

THE LIBERAL TRADITION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I read with great interest H. T. Maguire's review of "The Liberal Tradition," by Professor Orton of Yale appearing in your issue of December 21, 1945. A more incisive and carefully discriminating analysis of liberalism as a philosophy of life —the liberal tradition rooted in Aristotle's conception of government under law and in the Christian view of the whole man—would be hard to find. We owe Mr. Maguire a vote of thanks for helping to rescue this tradition from the ambiguous company of a whole horde of modern "Liberalisms" and for restating Lord Acton's definition of liberalism in terms of liberty of action and thought for the individual within the limits of law and the need of the community. We owe him thanks the more for showing that this is a living tradition capable of being applied to the changing events of our own day.

Giving full credit to Mr. Maguire's explanation of the nature and historical roots of the liberal philosophy, I found his application of it to the current international scene misleading in that it seemed to be based on a faulty grasp of what occurred at the San Francisco Conference and of the aims and functions of the United Nations Organization. "International community and international values," he writes, "will never be achieved by a conglomeration of nation-states. The nation-state is exclusively a power entity. . . . The future of force in the world today depends entirely upon the inter-relations of the three dominant powers; and San Francisco with its 'world police force,' so edifying to American idealists, is an irrelevant side-show." In opposition to this rivalry of big nation-states Professor Orton, and apparently also Mr. Maguire, see the only hope for international community as lying in "world-wide acceptance of basic religious and ethical values and on cultural, religious, business and scientific cooperation cutting across the borders of the political nation-states."

The alternatives which Mr. Maguire describes—a

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world of nation-states retaining their sovereign powers intact and pitted in inevitable rivalry *or* a community of peoples accepting the same or similar religious, ethical and cultural values—do not in fact seem to be the real alternatives with which we are faced. That he so portrays them is evidently due to his assumption that the San Francisco Conference was pretty exclusively a Big Three show and that therefore "the future force in the world" depends entirely upon the interrelation of these three powers. He does not mention what was reported by most correspondents and observers at the Conference—that the Big Three or Four, far from having their own way most of the time, were under unceasing fire from the middle and smaller nations who strenuously resisted all efforts to steamroll through a charter written to please the dominant powers. Although the champions of the smaller nations had ultimately to yield on the Big Power veto, it was in large measure due to their efforts that there was written into the charter provision for: (1) a world Social and Economic Council with power to make adjustments between competing national tariffs, wage standards, and diverging standards of living; (2) a world Educational and Cultural Council authorized to take concrete steps to promote a genuine international cultural exchange and to establish international educational standards; (3) a colonial Trusteeship Council for the orderly supervision of mandated and dependent areas. Even in the act of yielding on the Big Power veto, the leaders of the smaller nations drummed into the ears of the Big Three spokesmen their duty not to use the veto power irresponsibly.

With this understanding of the United Nations Charter and of the circumstances in which it was written it becomes clearer that the alternatives which confronted the men of San Francisco are still, to a considerable extent, the actual alternatives facing us today: (1) acceptance of a World Organization depending for its effectiveness upon the force of the Big Nations but based upon the political, social and cultural participation of all the United Nations, or (2) abandonment of the Organization and a return to unrestrained Big Power rivalry. That the Big Three are intent on preserving the cooperation among themselves essential to the success of UNO is surely made evident by the meeting of their Foreign Ministers now under way in Moscow. That they have given priority to the question of how to organize controls for the atom bomb should be evidence of their mutual recognition that the "nation-states" of which Mr. Maguire speaks are now ready to consider sharing one of their sovereign powers—the power to make peace by organizing to prevent war. HARRY P. TUNMORE.

The Screen

Westward Turn Westward

THE Daltons are riding again, high, wide and handsome, and so are some of Hollywood's leading stars. It was strange that expensive horse-opera movies were neglected by the film makers during the war, for "westerns" provide good plots for escape and action pictures, two fields in which Hollywood excels. But now, as if making up for lost time, the westerns are coming into their own. Practically every studio is planning or already making big, super productions that will glitter with technicolor, stars-on-horseback, 1946 versions of costumes ranging from the seventies through the nineties, and panoramic views of our nation's most eloquent scenery. In fact, this new cycle has already started; and it might be well to look at the entries that are now on our screens or billed as coming attractions.

In a blaze of postal-card color that glorifies the State where things are deep in the heart of, *"San Antonio"* brings us Errol Flynn as Clay Hardin, a leader of the ranchers in the range war against outlaws who were stealing herds of cattle during the seventies. Opposing Flynn and his cohorts are two first-class villains, Paul Kelly who knows how to sneer, and Victor Francen, who can insinuate meanness just through his French accent. Also in the cast, and more partial to Flynn than Kelly, is Alexis Smith as a New York actress bringing culture to Texas which seems to need it badly. And for comedy relief, there is S. Z. Sakall, clowning around as Miss Smith's manager and getting into the plot with a little more vehemence than usual, because he happens to witness one of the murders on which the story hinges. So the film has all the ingredients of a good western except the main one: action. David Butler's direction moves along slowly and he allows the verbose script, which even talks itself into confusion at times, to take precedence over revelations through the camera. No matter what other technical faults a western may have, they can usually be overlooked if the picture moves fast, has plenty of fights and good horsemanship against rugged scenery. "San Antonio" drags, and its two brightest sequences (a cat drinking the villain's drink and Miss Smith singing "Some Sunday Morning") are not the reasons for which one goes to a western.

Much more to my liking is *"Abileen Town"* which succeeds in combining a few ideas in an interesting story with some good rough-and-tumble action. The period is again the 1870's (a favorite for these plots because of the disorder after the Civil War) and the locale is the small Kansas town and surrounding country where cattle men come to blows with homesteaders who want to fence in their holdings. Against this background of conflicts between the two factions (most of the villians are cattle rangers, obviously a very tough lot and in need of taming by the gentler sex) is told the story of the town's marshal (Randolph Scott) and two women from opposite sides of the street: Ann Dvorak as the dancehall queen in the saloon and gambling joint; Rhonda Fleming as the pretty daughter of Abileen's leading merchant. It is no easy thing for a marshal, even a two-fisted one, to be honest in a town dominated by merchants who agree to the homesteaders' rights but don't want to lose the trade of the well-heeled cattle drovers. The marshal's problems are further increased by the county sheriff (played by Edgar Buchanan with really effective comedy relief) who conveniently turns his back to avoid seeing crimes committed

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by boys who are tougher than he. Edwin L. Marin, who directed this screenplay based on an Ernest Haycox novel, knows the kind of action that westerns should have, and he gives this one the works: sweeping scenes of the rangers' henchmen burning out the homesteaders; stampeding cattle going right through farms, fences and houses; brawls—the best of which shows the thirsty cattle men storming the saloons after the wise marshal closed them; and some rousing fights and daredevil riding. The script, which is usually adult, works out a little too pat when Miss Fleming falls for a handsome young settler (Lloyd Bridges) and leaves Scott free to tame the dance-hall gal, but we can't ask for everything. Anyway one of the closing statements, after the last big fight, compensates for any of the aforementioned shortcomings: "This is the way a tough street dies, not with a roar but with a whine."

"Dakota" takes us to that territory—and again in the seventies. It too presents a bunch of meanies (played by Ward Bond, Mike Mazurki, etc.) who want to buy up the settlers' land and sell it to the railroads at big profit. Our hero (John Wayne) inspired by his wife (Vera Hruba Ralston) who seems to be the brains of the family, is much more altruistic than the grabbing villains, although he's not adverse to making money in real estate. This plot, which is quite simple, gets surprisingly muddled, and Director Joseph Kane tells much of it in words—a fatal error in westerns. Walter Brennan, as an erratic river-boat captain, is in charge of comedy relief; it is hardly his fault, however, that there are too many attempts at humor and too few exciting events. Wayne finally tangles with Mazurki, and there are some stunning shots of burning wheat fields. But a lot of talk, about the lawless days of the west, seas of grass and empire builders, does not a movie make.

Roy Rogers's films are a departure from typical westerns and they are in a class by themselves. Except for their fine scenery and expert horsemanship (Roy on Trigger is really a sight to behold) they have little in common with the accepted genre. His latest opus *"Along the Navajo Trail"* uses the old story about feudin' between two gangs, moves slowly and emphasizes Roy's good singing and the competition between two women over our handsome "King of the Cowboys." The picture is somewhat of a letdown after his last one, called "Don't Fence Me In," which dared to kid Roy and was right clever in doing so. Roy mussed up is more fun than Roy fresh from the barber. In any guise however, Roy sings his ballads extremely well.

Although *"Frontier Gal"* has an exciting chase in its opening and at its finale, its middle is no more western than Hollywood. Its story, about a fiery "hell cat" (Yvonne De Carlo) and the man (Rod Cameron) who tries to tame her, could be considered as a satire on other movies. The costumes, script, even the bright technicolor, seem to be kidding us. But I'm afraid the film's makers were serious, even in the scene that shows Yvonne's small daughter way out on a limb hanging over a deep ravine. Don't you get caught on the same limb!

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Portraits and Parables

Further Notes on the Opera Season

Giovanni's Dressing Room

DON GIOVANNI spends all his time between performances in his dressing room; and this is located, of course, in Hell. But the most severe part of his punishment is in the performances themselves. For here he must act out the terrifying history of his obsession and fall for an audience that thinks they are witnessing a comic opera. Perhaps, though, this is the laughter of the damned.

Life among the Dimmer Intellectuals

WAGNER'S art is the art of inclusion. It was impossible for him to stop "saying something" about any subject he chose to treat and he often ended, therefore, in being more honest or more penetrating than he may have wished to be. The consequences in "Die Meistersinger" are instructive: he set out to do a comic opera, all optimism and success, and ended by writing an extremely depressing work on the psychology of failure.

After all, who is Hans Sachs? Is he the wonderful old gent that I, for one, accepted him as for years? Hardly. A closer glance and one of the most disheartening figures on the operatic stage emerges. Hans Sachs is the tired pedant, ashamed of his knowledge, bitter about his age, disappointed in love, unsatisfied with his art. But this is all carefully concealed. He has learned, and learned with difficulty, the business of being the sympathetic personality that makes warm impersonal judgments. He has learned to take public approval as a substitute for inner satisfaction. Notice how he betrays himself in his choice of causes to champion.

Walter sings before the Mastersingers and Hans Sachs is taken with his youthful outburst. But Walter's song is frankly bad and no amount of sympathy with youth can alter that. It is impetuous, yes—but it does lack art and *that's* the point Sachs is really interested in. For having failed himself, and getting old, what a comfortable feeling of regained youth he can indulge in, without any threat to whatever artistic reputation he may have himself, by defending that impossibly self-satisfied young man and his inflated passions. Sachs is, indeed, the prototype of all professional anthologists.

He exposes himself in other ways; for even his friendship with Walter is not untimed with resentfulness. I paraphrase his words. "Spring sings for you," he tells him. "But summer, autumn, and winter, care, sorrow, strife, marriage and children come; and to sing then requires that you be a Master." No doubt this is true, but the tone, the tone of the advice, is the tone of the broad and shallow statement on life that characterizes very minor romantic art. It is the wisdom of the Dim and its intention is to discourage rather than to make wise.

This leads him naturally to the glories of the impersonal: if he can't have love, he can always have the people. "Hail Sachs, hail Nuremberg's dear Sachs!"

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The artist becomes the public figure and all his failures are hushed in the din. It is not accident that brings him to this Third Act finale; one of his first statements in the opera prepares us, and him, for it. "The mind of a woman, untutored, seems to me like the mind of the people." And he is speaking here of Eva, the girl he loves. It is a depressing confession of creed. "Let us see if Hans Sachs can make the public madness serve his purpose," he says later. His next step would logically seem to be running for Congress. A noble career, no doubt, but the last one in which we should trust a personal failure who wishes to regain his virility by wooing a stadium.

The whole humor of "Die Meistersinger" is on the level of a professional joke: the embarrassed heavy gesture of a recluse trying to be one of the boys. Naturally Sachs chooses an untalented young man to represent the "new" for him. The prize song as a revolutionary aria is about on the level of "Trees" as avant gardé verse. Sachs would be the first to object to what was really new; and his objection would probably take the form of an objection to intellectuality. Naturally, too, his treatment of Beckmesser (who, at least, has the conviction to remain what he is) is shameful and sadistic. Indeed, if the whole musical treatment of Beckmesser in the opera is "satire" then the whole show run by that recent admirer of Hans Sachs's, Adolf Hitler, was high comedy with custard pies.

It is strange and characteristic, perhaps, of all Wagnerian criticism, that after all this has been said there remains the fact that one has been speaking of a great work of art. Though I deny the opinion of the professional anti-Wagnerians that "Die Meistersinger" is one of the few things of Wagner's that will "do," I cannot deny that when it is "going," which is often, it goes on a very high level indeed. And under George Szell's direction, the production is one of the best in the present Metropolitan repertory.

CHESTER KALLMAN.

"Who Is Wise? . . ."

ANNE FREMANTLE

"THE WAYS of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them, but the transgressors shall fall therein." The last words of Hosea, read on the September Ember Friday, in place of the Epistle, give the clue to Mr. Waugh's sombre and splendid new novel.* Easily his best book yet, some people may hardly recognize it as his. Sloughed as though they had been husks protecting the ripening kernel are the levity, the caricature, the humor, for which "Decline and Fall," "Vile Bodies," "A Handful of Dust," "Scoop" and "Put Out More Flags" are joyfully remembered. There is only one really humorous episode in this whole long story—where the narrator, having hideously overspent his year's allowance his first term at Oxford, comes home to economize on his eccentric father. The father's malicious retaliation is a fantastic study in Kensingtonomania, as ghastly, in its bland way, as the opening chapters in Huxley's "Time Must Have a Stop" which describe the same "background." How both authors must have agonized in the dry-mutton-chop and tapioca-pudding ambiance they so feelingly describe! But more than compensating the vanished malice is the fact that Mr. Waugh has graduated from flat, two-dimensional characters. Filling them brimful, he now loves those at whom earlier he laughed. Yet he has suffered no maudlin Saroyanization. He has eschewed "single vision and Newton's sleep" as Blake bids; but still "damns braces and blesses relaxes." From being the greatest living satirist in either the English or the American language (what scenes, in either contemporary literature, compare with those where the victim, in the Brazilian jungle, reads Dickens aloud everlastingly to the lost Colonel? or where the journalists are suddenly and terribly aware they have eaten the girl? or where the blackmailer coaches the evacuee children?) Mr. Waugh is become a major novelist. To create character requires compassion. If the writer hates not only the silliness in the face of the human race, but each silly face—as Mr. Huxley still does—he will fail through foreshortening, for so long as he sees in part, he will create in part. To see more, creator and created both must be cleansed by continual pity—face to face, whether it is Euripides and Clytemnestra or Dostoevsky and Stavrogin only love remains; to uncover the spirit neither ink nor vitriol will do: *"Schreibe mit Blut, und du wirst erfahren, das Blut Geist ist."* (Write with blood, and you will learn that blood is spirit.)

"Brideshead Revisited" begins with a middle-aged, discontented captain, at thirty-nine already settled in his habits, his particular chair, his three glasses of brandy, who has fallen out of love with his profession, his class, his century, moving his company in the night. He wakes to find himself billeted in the grounds of a great Inigo Jones house, where he had been before. There is a quality in the discovery of that empty shell that only the end of Alain-Fournier's "Grand Meaulnes" has—or, perhaps, the end of "Carnet de Bal," when the girl goes back to the ball twenty years later. In Mr. Waugh's book the great fountain, brought from an Italian square and set down in the baroque garden, is drawn over and over—in sunlight and shadow, in country-house-party glory, and empty, a mammoth ashtray for soldiers. The lovely fountain, the hideous chapel; these are permanent props. The story is told—as in Rosamund Lehmann's "The Ballad and the Source" also—in the first person, so that the characters are never shown as they are, only as they appear. Charles, the captain, had met Sebastian, the beautiful, absurd younger son of the great house, at Oxford, on a drunken binge. Sebastian's elder brother, Bridey, a pompous, serious, clumsy product of Downside (Sebastian himself was, of course, at Eton), has just gone down: the father lives in Venice with his mistress, and is a legendary rake. Lady Marchmain, their mother, lives at Brideshead with the two girls. Julia, the elder, is just "coming out" in London; Cordelia is still at convent school. Lady Marchmain comes of an old Catholic

* Brideshead Revisited. Evelyn Waugh. Little. $2.50.

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family; squires who never changed at the Reformation. Her three brothers were killed in World War I, recently over when Mr. Waugh's novel begins. Lord Marchmain became a Catholic on his marriage; the children are being "raised right"—with varying results. Charles, the narrator, only enters the story through his love, first for Sebastian, then for Julia.

The chapters describing the two boys—Sebastian and Charles—living at Oxford, are flawless. No one has ever so caught the first intoxication—of new freedom, new friends, the first discovery of loveliness, in stones, in weather, in literature, in wine—that to the adolescent, then awakening, "whispered the world was." The October air smells right; the noise of men walking in from the games field under the windows of Peck sounds just so. The social awkwardness and sensitivities are exquisitely understated. And the first vacations "abroad"—Venice, and the respectable, middle-aged mistress, the uncomfortable palace—Mr. Waugh has conveyed it all in terms of architecture; by their stones, by the way houses sit on the earth, or grow out of it, shall you know a country. Not its fauna and flora or even its climate but its baroque, the shape of seventeenth century chimneys and the spacing of eighteenth century windows, make England distinct from Italy.

The "worm i' the bud" shows early: Sebastian's desire to escape his family ("His mother?" "Of course, elementary, my dear Watson") appears first in his dislike of bringing his friend Charles home; then, when Charles insists and is accepted by the family, Sebastian draws away from Charles. And Charles follows, pursues: he is the intercessor between the seeking family and the errant Sebastian; at first liaison officer, whilst there is a part of Sebastian that wants to stay, wants to accept, to settle down. Later Charles can only be a dispatch rider; and, at the end, a decoder of the messages that come from Sebastian. Lady Marchmain begins as a true-to-Freud mama—having lost her husband by her rapaciousness (of course she enlists the sympathy of all society; even of Lord Marchmain's mistress herself; only the reader knows better) she is seen through Sebastian's eyes; through the eyes of the effeminate Anthony, through the eyes of Charles, partly succumbing to her charm, but promising Sebastian to be with him "contra mundum." But (as in "The Ballad and the Source," which is parallel only in using a mother-daughter relationship to reveal character, as "Brideshead Revisited" uses a mother-son) things are not as simple as they seem. Sebastian gets worser and worser; he is sent down from the University; he escapes the don to whom he has been committed; yet they return for a terrible New Year's party at Brideshead which Charles joins: no longer in love with Sebastian, no longer even his friend, he still is his chorus, explaining him to the reader. Julia is there too of course, with her revolting young man, Rex Mottram, a rich Canadian parvenu, on the make, spiritually so inchoate that, when he is being instructed in the Faith in order to marry Julia, the poor Jesuit who thought it would be such an easy job—the young man is perfectly willing to accept anything, believe anything, sign on the dotted line—gives him up in despair. Rex isn't human, he is only half made—spiritually half-, or less than half-baked, incapable of good because incapable of evil. Obviously—because Mr. Waugh is a very tidy writer, his novels neat as good knitting—Charles will fall in love with Julia: Sebastian is the forerunner. But not yet, not now. Sebastian has to be disposed of, first. So Charles becomes a wildly successful painter of architecture; and marries a beautiful, worldly débutante.

"Why did you marry Celia?" Julia asks Charles whilst she and they are betraying her in the storm on the Atlantic luxury liner and he replies, "from snobbery and sexual desire." And, as Charles flies higher and higher so Sebastian sinks lower and lower. He has found one creature lower than himself—a German pimp, who has shot his own toe to get out of the Foreign Legion. For him Sebastian lives; he is to Sebastian what Sebastian was to Charles, the one human being, the *eine Seele,* it is essential to call one's own on the round earth. Lady Marchmain dies. Rather unsatisfactorily, we are excluded from her deathbed. Lord Marchmain comes home to die, and there are wonderful, Hogarthian scenes around the dying man. Will he, won't he, receive the Sacraments? The tension in Charles, now living in open sin with Julia whilst waiting for his divorce to become absolute, is tremendous. At the end, "I thought he had felt the touch of the chrism and was wiping it away. 'O God,' I prayed, 'don't let him do that.' But there was no need for fear; the hand moved slowly down his breast, then to his shoulder and Lord Marchmain made the sign of the Cross. Then I knew that the sign I had asked for was not a little thing, not a passing nod of recognition, and a phrase came back to me from my childhood, of the veil of the temple being rent from top to bottom."

The temple, of *ersatz,* of all the images we put up instead of God, of all the forerunners (perfectly good in their place) that must vanish when He appears, Julia knew it even before Lord Marchmain's death: "'It's frightening,' Julia once said, 'to think how completely you have forgotten Sebastian.' 'He was the forerunner.' 'That's what you said in the storm. I've thought since perhaps I'm only a forerunner too. Perhaps, I thought . . . all our loves are merely hints and symbols; a hill of many invisible crests; doors that open as in a dream to reveal a further stretch of carpet and another door.'" When Charles and she part, she says: "I've always been bad. Probably I shall be bad again, punished again. But the worse I am, the more I need God. I can't shut myself out from His mercy. . . . I saw today there was one thing unforgivable . . . like things in the schoolroom so bad they are unpunishable that only Mummy could deal with—the bad thing I was on the point of doing, that I'm not quite bad enough to do—to set up a rival good to God's." And, at the book's beginning, which is its end also, Charles is become a Catholic.

Through the whole novel the various "rival goods"—the *ersatz* goods—are shown, and thrown away. There is Sebastian's teddy bear, then his German pimp. And also, as Cara, his father's mistress, says, "Sebastian is in love with his own childhood. That will make him very

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unhappy—his teddy-bear, his Nanny—and he is nineteen years old." Charles twits him: "Are you struggling against temptation—you don't seem much more virtuous than me." "I'm very, very much wickeder," said Sebastian indignantly.

To whom much is given, of them much is required. Poor Lady Marchmain is very hardly treated. Cara explains her husband: "My friend, he is a volcano of hate. He cannot breathe the same air as she. He is mad. And how has she deserved all this hate? She has done nothing except be loved by someone who is not grown up. When people hate with all that energy, it is something in themselves they are hating. Alex is hating all the illusions of boyhood—innocence, God, hope." But that hate is a good sign—evil though it is—for it brings him home. Cordelia, aged 15, sees it: people hate Mummy when they want to hate God; they can't really hate God, and since Mummy is saintly, though she is not a saint (for no one could hate a real saint) so they hate her, she explains to Charles. Mr. Waugh is brutal to his "good" characters—perhaps there remains a last glimmer of his old hatred for them, Saul now Paul remembering those kicks against the pricks with a wistful masochism? Lady Marchmain sees every one she loves suffering, from and for their own sins, and suffers more than they. Only Bridey escapes suffering—and how he and his poor portly, middle-class widow are ridiculed. Yet it is when Bridey explains, quite gently and kindly, that he cannot bring his bride to Brideshead whilst Julia is living there in double sin—with Rex, who was divorced before she married him, and with Charles, whom she wishes to marry when she has divorced Rex, that Julia sums up the inevitable relationship between sin and suffering.

"Living in sin, with sin, by sin, for sin, every hour of every day, year in, year out, waking up with sin in the morning, seeing the curtains drawn on sin, bathing it, dressing it, clipping diamonds to it, showing it round, giving it a good time, putting it to sleep at night with 'Dial' if it is fretful. Always the same, like an idiot child carefully nursed, guarded from the world. 'Poor Julia,' they say, 'she can't go out. She's got to take care of her little sin. A pity it ever lived,' they say. . . . Mummy dying with my sin eating at her more cruelly than her own deadly illness. . . . Mummy dying with it, Christ dying with it, nailed hand and foot, hanging over the bed in the night nursery, hanging year after year in the dark little study at Farm Street with the shiny oilcloth, hanging at noon, high among the crowd and the soldiers and no comfort except a sponge of vinegar and the kind word of a thief, hanging forever . . ."

Sebastian, like his mother, pays cash, pays here, not only for his own sins but for those of others. "I suppose he doesn't suffer?" Charles asks Cordelia. "Oh, yes, I think he does. One can have no idea what the suffering may be, to be maimed as he is—no dignity, no power of will. No one is ever holy without suffering."

So, from everyone God takes the toys away—power from Rex, love from Lady Marchmain, childhood and freedom and delight from Sebastian, life from Lady Marchmain and Julia from Charles. Everything from everyone. And the more the poor transgressors try to do "the right thing," to walk in His ways without Him, the worse they fare. Poor Charles and Julia, in the whole Atlantic liner episode, are revolting and cheap beyond even Rex and his cronies defiling Brideshead. No one, even at the novel's end, is grown-up, but when Nurse has tidied all the playthings away, some of the older children are packing for school.

This is a very good novel. But it is not yet a great one. It is as suffocating as Mauriac's "Noeud de Vipères" in its picture of the full lives that are empty without God. But in Mauriac's gloom the dead daughter is a loved candle-light; here no human being is of comfort. Bridey is too absurd, too wooden; his portly widow too secure; though Cordelia rightly surmises that it is Julia and Charles, and not she, who are thwarted, yet she is "only wise." No character has even glimpsed the lightness and limpidity and suppleness of the saint. One cannot be holy without being happy; yet no one would suspect this simple fact from Mr. Waugh's grim story. His vision is still darkened by the shadow of those wings which Gerard Hopkins more rightly called bright.

In a Catholic country, steeped in centuries of light from those bright wings, to depict only their shadow may make the reader more conscious of "that Light." In England, or the United States, where so many quotes are needed, this book may well be too unrelieved a statement. Most probably the average non-Catholic will prefer to take their Catholicism milder, with milk and sugar, as offered, say, in Bruce Marshall's charming "The World, the Flesh and Father Smith." This novel is for those who take theirs black—is food only for the strong.

To end with the same verse from Hosea: "Who is wise, and he shall understand these things? Prudent, and he shall know them?"

More Books of the Week

A History of Western Philosophy. Bertrand Russell. S. & S. $5.00.

BERTRAND RUSSELL has expanded a series of lectures delivered at the Barnes Foundation in Pennsylvania into a history of Western Philosophy. He says his purpose is "to exhibit philosophy as an integral part of social and political life: not as the isolated speculations of remarkable individuals, but as both an effect and cause of the character of the various communities in which different systems flourished." Mr. Russell has so well succeeded in emphasizing his special viewpoint that his work might almost as well be called a sociological treatise, with the emphasis on the rôle of philosophy in society. It could be called other things too—for example, the life and opinions of Bertrand Russell from Thales to Bertrand Russell. The work is divided into three major parts—Greek, Catholic, and Modern Philosophy. The worth of the different parts varies considerably.

The section of Greek Philosophy is little more than a smooth-flowing re-hash of secondary sources—Cornford, Burnet and Benn in particular. With Dean Inge as the authority for Plotinus. Mr. Russell's personal problems come early into prominence. "Athens," he says, "though much addicted to persecution, was in one respect

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less liberal than modern America, since those accused of impiety and corrupting the young were allowed to plead in their own defense." Again, in discussing the Periclean Age: ". . . political democracy was associated with cultural conservatism, while those who were cultural innovators tended to be political reactionaries. Somewhat the same situation exists in modern America, where Tammany, as a mainly Catholic organization, is engaged in defending traditional theological and ethical dogmas against the assaults of enlightenment." Mr. Russell's approach to history, in short, is anything but subtle. (He says in the introduction to this section that "Christianity transformed [Diana of the Ephesians] into the Virgin.")

The treatment of Socrates and Plato is conventional. The discussion of the mathematical aspects of the philosophy of Pythagoras is better than usual. The exposition of Aristotle is erroneous in serious respects. It could hardly be otherwise when a completely nominalistic interpretation is given to his metaphysical doctrine. For example, "the conception of 'substance,' like that of 'essence,' is a transference to methaphysics of what is only a linguistic convenience." And, substance is "a convenient way of collecting events into bundles." Matter in the doctrine of Aristotle only makes sense for Russell if it is considered as stuff, an error which Russell repeats with greater emphasis when he comes to Thomas Aquinas. Aristotleian logic "is as definitely antiquated as ptolemaic astronomy," which is true of course if you reject Aristotle's metaphysics and theory of knowledge in the field of philosophy as it is in the field of politics; his baldly nominalistic and linguistic criticism of the syllogism seems rather a waste of time.

The section on Medieval Philosophy, which Mr. Russell calls Catholic Philosophy, can be skipped without loss. Gibbon is uncritically used as a historical base for the later Roman Empire and the Dark Ages. Some conclusions of Mr. Russell will be interesting to Catholics: Protestants and Jansenists are for Augustine, orthodox Catholics against him. "Until the Protestants took up his (Augustine's) opinions, the Catholic Church never impugned his orthodoxy." The Ontological Argument of Saint Anselm "has never been accepted by theologians. It was adversely criticized at the time; then it was forgotten until the latter half of the thirteenth century." (It would be easy to name a hundred theologians who accepted the argument during the time in which it was "forgotten"). Saint Thomas "succeeded in persuading the Church that Aristotle's system was to be preferred to Plato's as the basis of Christian philosophy," and, "in all Catholic institutions that teach philosophy, his system has to be taught as the only right one." "Catholic ecclesiastics must accept Saint Thomas if they concern themselves with philosophy." "The Stagyrite has, among Catholics, almost the authority of one of the Fathers; to criticise him in matters of pure philosophy has come to be thought almost impious." Mr. Russell nails home this last charge with a foot-note in which he says that many protests from Catholics resulted when he criticized Aristotle in a broadcast. The arguments for the existence of God as given by Aquinas, Russell refutes on mathematical grounds. (Throughout the book the attempt to prove the existence of God seems to be a pursuit especially evocative of Mr. Russell's indignation.) This is what matter is for Saint Thomas: "Pure matter consists of undifferentiated parts, which are distinguished solely by difference of position in space." To conclude with this undistinguished part, the author avers that "there is little of the true philosophic spirit in Aquinas."

Mr. Russell fails to rise above the customary clichés attached to a transition from medieval to modern times. The reader undoubtedly knows them: the scientific method sprang full-fledged from the head of the renaissance; Locke was the first philosopher to insist that all our knowledge comes from experience; and so forth. Once past this point, however, Mr. Russell's history becomes worth reading. His treatment of modern philosophy, though certainly not authoritative, is fresh, lucid, and sprinkled with suggestive and illuminating insights. His treatment of the German philosophers is excellent and here his method of correlating the philosopher to his time pays its best dividends. Also he gives, rightly I think, much more than the usual emphasis to men like Rousseau, Byron and Karl Marx as funnels of philosophic thought. His analysis of the anti-social character of the Romantics is interesting, and he makes his point with an emphasis both unusual and necessary. The section concludes with a chapter on Russell's own contribution to philosophy, the philosophy of logical analysis. At the end of this chapter he writes: "In the welter of conflicting fanaticism, one of the few unifying forces is scientific truthfulness, by which I mean the habit of basing our beliefs upon observations and inferences as impersonal, and as much divested of local and temperamental bias, as is possible for human beings. To have insisted on the introduction of this virtue into philosophy, and to have invented a powerful method by which it can be rendered fruitful, are the chief merits of the philosophical school of which I am a member." The ideal is high, though hardly new. I don't think Mr. Russell has lived up to it in this book.

DANIEL J. SULLIVAN.

The Far Away Music. Arthur Meeker. Houghton. $2.50.

THIS is a memorable book. It has no plot as plot is generally understood. It is not exciting. It presents the reader with a set of circumstances and resulting emotional, highly restrained and suggestive situations that are enthralling. To outline the story, slight as it is, would be murder. One might as well summarize James's "Turn of the Screw," "The Wings of a Dove" or "The Song of Solomon." In its dealing with the psychological factors inherent in human relations, antagonisms and tolerance, it avoids heat while it produces much light.

A husband, and father, blessed or cursed with wandering feet, returns to his family—a most engaging one—after many years. There is no rancor or recrimination in the welcome accorded him. His essential gentleness and affection is generally recognized. But soon he must respond again to the call of The Far Away Music and the urgency of his wandering feet. The portrayal of the characters affected by his vagary, and the restrained description of their several reactions to his sudden reappearance after years of separation and his equally sudden departure is masterly presented. The author keeps himself so restrainedly in the background, allowing his characters to speak for themselves, with little prompting, that one at times wishes he would "play favorites"; because one cannot do so oneself.

This book may not become a "Best Seller." It is not littered with the meritricious "stuff" of best sellers of recent years. It could not be easily used by Hollywood. It has a distinguishing thoughtfulness that the film mag-

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nates could never comprehend. The background, which is adolescent Chicago, is admirably and convincingly done. The author's adherence to the principles of restraint and the use of only telling details rather than flabby discursiveness, is refreshing. To this reader, the book has been a delight—as welcome as a reading of "The Ancient Mariner" after a bout with Wordsworth's "The Old Huntsman," "The Idiot Boy," and Joyce's "Ulysses."

F. W. MAC VEAGH.

Human Leadership in Industry. Sam A. Lewisohn. Harpers. $2.00.

MR. LEWISOHN stands midway between Frederick Taylor and Philip Murray. He thinks that "scientific management" can be carried too far, but he also feels that labor-management cooperation, if introduced uncritically, will result in industrial inefficiency. His thesis, in brief, is that the two principal objectives for which society is (or ought to be) striving in the industrial system are "the greatest possible production and the maximum development of each human being. We want production, but not in a way that will cripple the human beings in the system morally, emotionally, or physically. We want the self-development of the human being, but not at the cost of retarding production too greatly."

Lewisohn is essentially a very decent human being who has not been infected by that spirit of class-consciousness which he frankly attributes to many of his fellow-employers. He believes wholeheartedly in the dignity of the human person and therefore in the necessity of a "widely established trade-unionism." He deplores the paternalism of some executives and the incompetence of others whose training has been "limited to physics, chemistry, mathematics, mechanics, and other specific sciences" which do "not equip a man to act as a 'buffer between labor and capital.'" He argues that if management had given half as much time and energy and intelligence to the solution of the human problems of industry as it has given to the solution of technical and financial and consumer problems, America would be in a healthier condition today.

Most of my friends in the labor movement would probably subscribe to seventy-five percent of Mr. Lewisohn's thesis. A few of them, however, would argue that the author doesn't go far enough in his program for industrial democracy. He seems, for example, to be preoccupied too much with the possible danger that labor-management cooperation will diminish management's initiative and responsibility. He is probably correct in warning against a doctrinaire espousal of economic democracy, but, on the other hand, I wonder about some of the implications of his final conclusion on the subject: "Therefore plans for union-management cooperation should be regarded as means which the management officials utilize to assist them in their function of leadership."

Labor-management cooperation, as conceived by Mr. Lewisohn, is commendable, as far as it goes. It doesn't go far enough. It does not emphasize, as does the CIO Industry Council Plan, labor's right to participate, not merely in management in the limited sense of the word, but in all of those economic decisions of industry which have a direct and serious bearing on the welfare of the workers and on the common good. His thinking, I repeat, is far in advance of Frederick Taylor's but it falls a little short of Philip Murray's.

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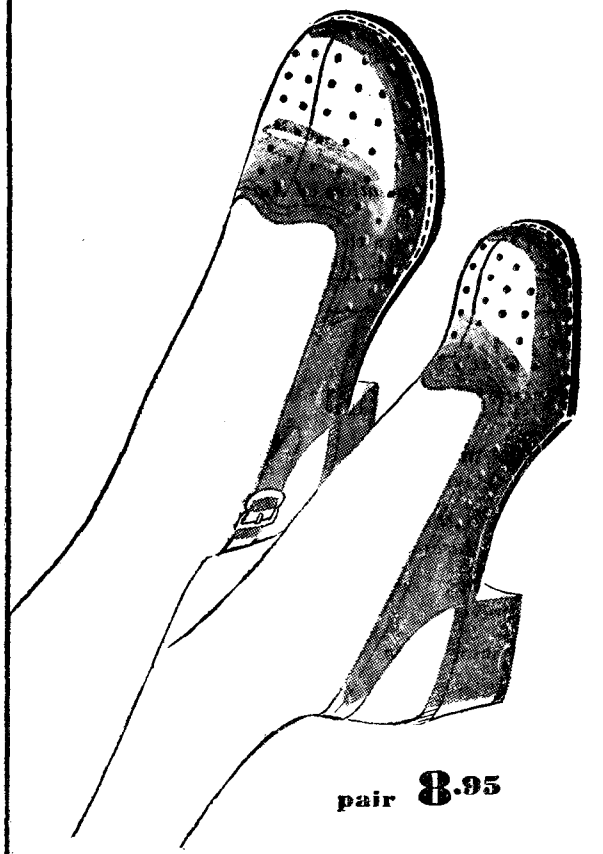

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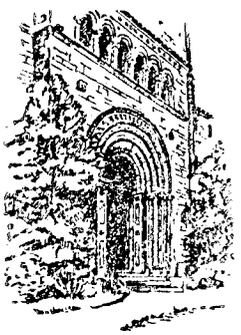

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THE COMMONWEAL

Nationalities and National Minorities. Oscar I. Janowsky. Macmillan. $2.75.

THE PROBLEM of minorities in Central-Eeastern Europe proved to be one of the main causes of World War I and II. But very little has been published on this question in recent years—although there has been no dearth of propaganda material. Unfortunately, Janowsky's little book is far from being able to fill this gap of satisfactory and accurate knowledge, in spite of the reputation established by his previous writings.

The difficulty lies not so much in the material that he has gathered as in his treatment of the whole topic and his conclusions. Although the volume has a significant subtitle, "With Special Reference to East-Central Europe," Janowsky devotes two of his eight chapters to "National Federalism in Switzerland," and "Bilingualism in South Africa," obviously convinced that these two experiments in the treatment of minorities can provide a basis for the solutions of the minorities difficulties in Central-Eastern Europe. He is blissfully unaware of one of the fundamental sociological rules—that the solutions evolved by one cultural pattern can hardly be applied to other culture patterns, developed in entirely different geopolitical climates. (Is the concept of "democracy" as understood in the United States applicable to Russia and the Russo-sponsored régimes in Central-Eastern Europe?)

Since Janowsky devotes so many pages to Switzerland and Africa, he has found no time or space for analyzing the efforts and experiments of the Central-Eastern states themselves in attempting to deal with the minorities problem. His description of the minorities system set up under the League of Nations is only one of the trends there. He treats, historically, the nationalities problems up to 1918 in Czarist Russia, Austria-Hungary, Prussia and the Ottoman Empire, but leaves out *in toto* the minorities legislation and efforts at solution on the part of the Central-Eastern European peoples in favor of his chapters on Switzerland, Africa and Soviet Russia, jumps with both feet into a chapter on the League of Nations, and ends with his own "Proposals for a Solution in the Light of Experience and Emerging Patterns of International Organization." Unfortunately, Janowsky's "solutions" manifest hardly a single glint of originality. In general, he seems to favor national and cultural autonomy which is as old as the Turkish system of "millets," which was revived in Austria by such progressive thinkers as Renner and Bauer at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century and which, in a way, was tried, with such disastrous results, by such postwar states as Czechoslovakia.

In short, the book is a very disappointing performance. We still have to look forward to a volume which will present all aspects of this burning problem.

JOSEPH S. ROUCEK.

The Rise of the Jewish Community in New York, 1654-1860. Hyman B. Grinstein. Jewish Publication Society. $4.00.

A SOCIAL history of the beginnings of Judaism in New York. (Other volumes are promised to bring the history up to date.) An encyclopedia composed by an author of extraordinary industry, backed by a balanced wisdom that, in describing the details of fluctuant social customs, does not exclude wit. Its 465 pages of text and 120 of appendices, notes, bibliography and index are well edited and excellently printed.

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Immersed in a community traditionally Protestant, but whose secular utterances were already growing, generation by generation, more agnostic, the rabbi had two tides to battle with: the exclusiveness of society that closed hotels, clubs, whole communities against Jews; and the attraction of surroundings that offered temptations, both casual and passionate, against dogmatic faith.

The section on Intermarriage and Apostasy illustrates the fight of a community, most of whose members sprang from European ghettoes, against the charming Joneses and Jonesesses (with whom one "must keep up") and the seductive Cleopatras of this world. Other sections of the book deal with such topics as Social Welfare, Synagogue Organizations, Culture, Religious Practice, Dissent.

This unimpassioned cyclopedia is written for Jews. Christians would have benefited by a glossary of such terms as Hazzanim, Shamash, Shoset, Alenu, etc.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

Time Remembered. Laurie Hillyer. Macmillan. $2.00.

"IT'S Jonathan's birthday, his fourteenth birthday." That was December, 1932, and it's the first line of a diary kept by Jonathan's mother. The story is really Jonathan's story and closes with his wedding in December, 1942, when he had grown up to be a lieutenant in the United States Navy and had seen his first ship sunk at Pearl Harbor. But it is a family chronicle that the small book gains stature; so full of enthusiasm for homely detail that it reads less like fiction than an almost too confiding family history. It may have no particular impact as literature but is a fullhearted picture of young parents and three extremely nice children. It all sounds extremely natural, yet as I thought it over, actually I couldn't name very many families which enjoy each other quite so continuously or so intelligently. Unfortunately it doesn't always follow that women who love their husbands with complete devotion are able to include their children in the close partnership or that entirely devoted mothers have the identical hero worship for their husbands. Nor can all parents find their happiness so humorously in the unsung sacrifices of family life. As a very charming example of New England, it is good to have the Greenwoods on the record. It is also impossible to have the conviction that Mrs. Greenwood hasn't a great deal in common with Mrs. Elias Benjamin Armstrong (Laurie Hillyer).

E. V. R. WYATT.

CONTRIBUTORS

Julian GREEN, distinguished French novelist of American parentage, has returned from America to France.

Edna LONIGAN is a New Yorker who has served on an official commission to Puerto Rico.

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Next Week

OLD AND MEAGER AND UGLY is difficult to describe. It comes from devastated Germany and is in the form of a personal letter. It is one mirror of the German mind. Here is an excerpt which conveys the emotion it embodies: "We have not become wiser, nor cleverer, nor better, nor younger—we are old and meager and ugly; we do not know anything that has happened in the world and we have lost caste in saying so . . ."

HENRY JAMES, by Paul Rosenfeld, discusses America's revived interest in Henry James. Here is a brief excerpt: "Possibly the revival even was inevitable. The genius of James possessed a trait in common with that of American life, and this common trait might easily make his work eventually attractive to his countrymen. Our reference is to their common content of a feeling for form in the sense of shapely external appearance and of organic structure."

LONDON COMMENTARY, by J. L. Benvenisti, deals with two phenomena. The first is the relationship of the fact of the atomic bomb to the need for a world state. The second has to do with the loan to Britain which is to be so heatedly discussed when Congress reconvenes.

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